

# Fireside, Desolater

Oh believe me  
I know it aint right to treat you like I do  
Oh and believe me  
I try so hard to figure out what I should do  
but it's true  
I'm brought up this way and I don't it know any other way  
And it's not  
It's not a matter of putting the blame on someone else  
I've got to many things inside my head I'm about to collapse  
And I guess that if I drink too much  
I'll just have to drink some less

It's not a fantasy  
the devil's got a hold of me  
and it doesn't get much lonelier  
than waiting by the phone